A God who is all Love will not torture his own begotten child
by consigning it to a series of births.
Besides, love never dies. When our beloved are lost,
we love them all the more.; and we feel we have their love,
wherever and in whatsoever state they abide. The higher
and purer our nature, the more immortal our love. If this
love be from God, not from selfishness or worldliness, it
carries the proof of its own immortality. It would be the
cruellest delusion to our hearts and consciences, if this were
not so, if the highest love and craving for union missed their
objects. We must therefore heartily believe in. mutual
recognition and re-union in heaven. Heaven would be no
heaven, without our dear ones.
Whether we rise to heaven or are reborn there, surely
our life oh earth is a prelude to the eternal harmonies
afterward. It is sure also that we do not come back here.
Who is not tired of fighting the tyrannies of the flesh, .the
passions and impulses of the senses that rise jpLnceasingly
like the tides of the sea ? This poor patch of carnal form
• is unfit for the glories of eternal promise. It is unfit even
here ; how much more hereafter ?
Therefore, let us not
think that flesh and 'blood of which we are

getting tired
already, have any part in the immortal life in
God reserved
for us.
Is it not possible for a good, loving and
gracious God, to
reserve a permanent place for us in His
household for the
uninterrupted continuance in a spiritual
medium of our
moral and spiritual life so 'poorly begun
here—a life of aspiring
activities and unfinished destinies ? Is it
consistent with
God's eternal justice and equity, no less
than with His love
and mercy, to allow us to grovel in these
filthy material bodies
with their imbecilities, infidelities, despairs
and flaws which
make existence often a burden even> to the
best and wisest
of men ? Is it probable that our Supreme
Father will blast